## UNDER THE PINES

Mary Fenton was turning over the leaves of the latest summer novel in a listless fashion, as she sat on "The Tavern" porch. The glory of an early June day was about her. Cedar, sugar pine and dogwood gleamed fresh in their different shades of green from the shower of the day before. Shasta lilies, wild roses, yellow violets, and myriads of other flowers, clustering in close brotherbood with the timothy grass in the meadow beyond, filled the clear air with a penetrating fragrance. The meadow lark trilled in the tall pines, and a small boy reported the finding of a flock of young grouse in the cornfield. The trout were beginning to jump in the Sacramento, and the early anglers were gathered in small groups a little distance from ber, discussing with deep intentness the respective merits of brown hackel versus royal coachman.

Mary Fenton loathed the tone of the place. It reeked of fish; fish that had been caught or booked, and fish to be landed. The atmosphere was monotonously fishy. It generally is on the Sacramento, where the trout are wary and men are loyal to

A case of nervous prostration was the ostensible cause of Miss Fenton's removal to the bracing mountain air; if the family Galen had but known it, she was more truly suffering from a severe attack of indecision of mind. Richard Drake was the subject of this wavering, whereby her cheeks were paled and her nights made sleepleas.

The hum of the refrain, "When I Was on the McCloud in '76," "Dolly Varuen Weighing Ten Pounds," sounded to her ear like gibberish, as she laid her book down in her lap and fell to thinking and arguing with herself the same old story. Mary Fenton had not been of the toilers of this life, nor did she aspire to that honor. She had been bred in a sellish sort of way, with deepest regard for the great ego. Happiness meant to her smooth sailing; a ripple on the stream, unpleasantness: and unpleasant-

In her trim, tailor-made gown she formed a natty picture, as she rocked slowly to and fro in a low chair, under the shadow of the hop vines that clambered up the pillars of the piazza. Even the fishermen gave her a little of their admiration, together with the speckled beauties—and the fisher-men were not young. The pucker of thought on her brow was rather becoming. In her unconscious pose she presented a picture of the best nineteenth-century cultivation.

The world was very serene to her when Richard Drake drifted into her life. She liked him. He was well introduced, belonging to the Drakes of Boston, was handsome, a triffe unconventional, which she rathered censured, and, lastly, was a bank clerk with no fortune, and cared little for amassing one, a lack of ambition that she could not quite comprehend.

could not quite comprehend.

At first he startled her in her quiet, measured existence, then amused, then interested, and finally was the cause of the nervous prostration and mountain trip out

The Fentons had only a fair supply of this world's goods. Young sisters were growing up, and with marriage Mary knew that she had her own way to make. Richard Drake grew more fascinating, but she could not yet decide whether life was worth living with poverty constantly in the foreground; whether things she prized dearest could be given up for one man's sake. This was the problem that troubled her as she sat in deep reflection, until she

heard some one address her, timidly:

"Would you like some flowers, ma'am?"

Startled, she looked up and saw a young girl with hands extended full of the wonderful pitcher plant that grows in abundance up the slope of Castle Crags.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bout five miles from here."

"Did you go yourself?"
Miss Fenton looked curiously at the young girl, who flushed slightly as she re-"'Course. I thought maybe you ladies at the hotel might like to buy some, as the walk's too rough for you.' "I will take them," she said.

The girl was a picturesque figure, tall and slender, with a crop of short reddish curls clustering around her head and strag-gling over the brim of an old cigarette hat, which was faded into a dull bluish gray, and set weil back on her head, leaving the sun a good chance to tinge her face with

the rich brown color of health.

She were an old navy-blue blouse with collar turned low at the throat, showing a superb curve. Her short calico skirt was arenched from scrambling through underbrush, and clung close to ber tigure. Her old canvas shoes were a trifle large for her, and seemed relics together with the hat.

Mary Fenton's face lighted up with new interest as she looked at the lithe, well-

poised young figure. "Why, you've been ten miles this morn-ing, and it is so wet, and they say there are

rattlesnakes on Castle Crags.' The girl laughed. "Rattlesnakes!" she exclaimed, scornfully. Her large, gray eyes looked at the speaker in indignant protest. "You don't suppose I'm such a baby to be skeered of a rattler. I've killed many of 'em round our cabin door in Oregon. I've got twelve rattles and a button down at the camp I'll fetch up to show you. if you like, some day."

The fresh voice and honest soul looking out from her great earnest eyes inscinated Mary Fenton as she drew out her purse to pay for the orchids, and she tried to keep her for awhile. Enthusiasm was not good form in Miss Fenton's world, but it might be permitted to another class, and the monutains, rivers and tishermen were so full of ennui to her just then. "What is your name!" she asked.

"Kit-Kit Jones," she replied, moving

"Do you live in the camp across the road with the campers who came last week?" Miss Fenton asked with interest. "Yes," she answered, in a low tone of voice. "There's only me, mother and Bill. I must go now. I'm the head of the shebang. Bill is sick." A shade passed over her merry, childish face.

"May I come over and see the rattles some day, and will you bring me some "The white kind that smells?" Kit ques-

tioned. "Bill likes them best. Yes, I know the best place for them, up the ridge." She started away on a quick little rnn, then looked back, shouting: "You might come this evening; may be company would

do him good." She was graceful as a young deer as she ran across the road and disappeared into a clump of pines, from the midst of which ascended a blue curl of smoke.

The day were on and Miss Fenton had not written the letter that she had almost decided was to send Richard Drake to his fate. The long afternoon was coming to a chaperon, had repaired to the spring with . her chums for her after-dinner glass of soda water. The fishermen, after stealth- by the wayside. ily watching each other's movements, had winnk off, one by one, in different directions, rods in hand, to whip the stream. Mary Fenton declined all invitations, as

she sat watching the blue smoke among the her to speak. pines, and resolved to stroll over to the camp.

She thought of the invalid, and took some choice fruit, which had been sent her the day before, and sauntered across the road.

Before she reached the camp she heard a dry, backing cough, which foreboded too well the nature of the malady. She stopped a minute before the campers saw her and

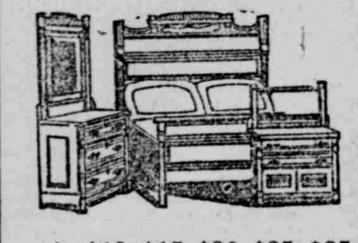
surveyed the scene. There were two tents pitched close together under two big sugar pines, and a little to one side four young saplings had been cut off and roofed over with a covering made of rough grain sacks sewn together. Under that, on a couch made of pine boughs and covered with two or three patchwork calico quilts, lay a young fellow who looked scarcely twenty-two or three, coughing as if his very soul was racked such hopeless cases in Santa Barbara and

San Diego. Kneeling before a very small fire, blowing as if her life depended upon it, knelt Kit. Her hat was thrown on the ground, a red shawl was pinned across her aboulders and she looked like a young dryad as she puffed at the dull embers. An old woman, with careworn face and gray bair twisted into a hard little knob, was standing near an improvised shelf, cutting thick pieces

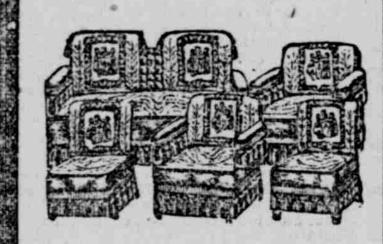
of fat bacon into a frying pan. Mary Fenton felt in a flash that she knew them-"Me and mother and Bill"-and felt | Fenton's shawl over it, and made her sit

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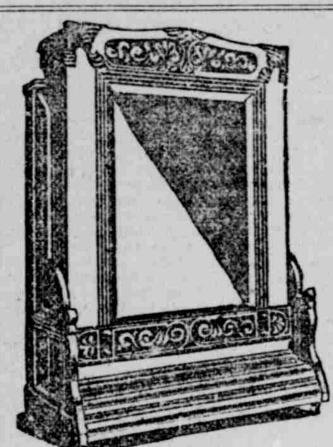


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	- 44		***		60c
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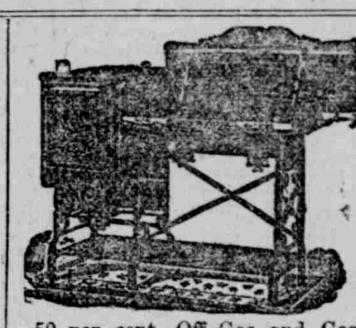
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## WALL PAPER.

in life is very fascinating when it does not vibrate for ourselves.

Kit saw her at last, and sprang up hastily, her cheeks affame from the exertion, and her short curls, tossed and tangled by the evening wind, standing up like a halo about her head. Kit was hardly more than seventeen, but well developed for her age, showing the effect of mountain air and

"Glad to see you!" She extended her hand, grimy with ashes and charred sticks. The old woman looked up without any interest at the arrival-no light in her

faded gray eyes.
"Mother," Kit waved her hand, by way
of introduction, in the direction of the fry-

The old woman grimly nodded. "Bill." Her voice softened as she stepped near the couch. The man looked up with a gleam of interest as Mary Fenton came forward and offered him the fruit.
"Thanks." He spoke in a fretful voice,

of bacon. Them cherries look cool." Kit's hands hung listlessly by her side. A look of distress crept into her soft eyes. "I know, Bill, it's powerful hard. The bacon is salt and hard; but it's all I can go just now. May be to-morrow-" her face brightened-"I'm going to get some lilies for Miss Fenton, and they'll let me have a little beef, just for you, at the hotel." With a shrug of fretful impatience the

man turn his face away from them, and lay silently munching the fruit. "Your brother is quite ill," Miss Fenton said, as Kit accompanied her across the road.

"My prother! Why, it's Bill!" Kit looked up into her face with surprise, and then said in explanation: "I forgot-every body knew about us in Oregon. Bill and I are sweethearts-have been since we were little kids. We are going to be married." she straightened herself up with a comical air of dignity, "when Bill gets well." Her voice faltered, "Miss Mary-mayn't I call you that? I heard the old lady at the hotel say your name and I liked it. Will you walk up the foad a piece with me this evening, the way you see Shasta? We see the white mounting at home, and when a lump comes into my throat and I feel a bit down it does me good to see it up there in the sky, looking down upon me just as it does at home. All the time when we were coming I kept looking over my shoulder, and the white mounting kept following us, as if it was going to take keer of all of us." She drew her sleeve across her eyes, as if to brush away a little moisture, then pulled the old cigarette hat down low over her face, giving it a sort of rough pat. "It's

one of Bill's old ones," she said in a half close. Mrs. Pendragon, Mary's aunt and of the pines on either side lengthened quite | night to watch by his side and humor his across the road, until their tips were lost in the wild tangle of azaleas and bracken | air could not help. And then Kit never

> The Sacramento kept up a gurgle and a rush just below, which blended in with the soft soughing of the pines. Mary Fenton walked close by Kit's side and waited for

> "Well, Miss Mary, you are so good to him, I'll tell you just from the beginning; and I think, Miss Mary, I knowed the first minute that I saw you setting there in that rocking chair that you was an angel, and may be could help Bill.

> "Mother and me lived all alone in a cabin in southern Oregon. Father was killed when I was born-spree," she explained shortly. "Mother has always had a sort of a misery since. She's never happy. even here. She didn't want to come. Bill's folks lived next to us, bout two miles away. Bill's older than me, but he was always sickly; didn't like boys; so when I was big enough we played together. and Bill was good to me, and I used to fight for Bill.

"Bill's folks went home to Missouri, and Bill stayed. He's a wood chopper, and me and Bill we've always loved each with pain. It needed but a glance at his other. Me and mother farmed sunken cheeks and hollow eyes to tell her our ground ourselves, and we've guests, but her heart was with Kit, under that he was doomed. She had seen so many always been dirt poor; but me and the pines. Bill was always happy. You see, Miss Mary, if folks have got each other in this world, they've got all that's wanted. Then Bill took cold last winter-had a fever. I took him home and nursed him. He was | passed on. pretty bad. It was a hard winter, wet. and I thought it never would stop. Bill got punier and punier. Mother said it was the way of the Lord, because I was so set on bill, but, Miss Mary, I knowed better." They reached the view of Shasts, and walked to a little spot away from the road.

Kit picked out a smooth log, folded Miss

in sympathy with them. The minor chord | down, while she stood facing the great white mountain.

"It kept on raining, and I rode to the doctor's, ten miles from our cabin, and he said to bring Bill here, where the air was dryer, and give him a chance; so I didn't wait, but hitched up to our little wagon and we came. It has rained here, but it ain't going to any more, and he will get well; I know it." Her voice grew more cheerful with hope.

She stood silent for a moment, with face uplifted in thought, and then noticing the stars beginning to come out, one by one, above Shasta, she said: "Why, Miss Mary, it's getting cold. You'll have a chill. We must be going home."

All the way back Kit chatted cheerfully, telling little stories of her home, all en-twined with anecdotes of Bill and full of As they neared the camp the same back-

ing cough broke the stillness of the night. Kit started as if it hurt her. "I shouldn't have left him. Wait a mobroken by coughing. "I'm powerful tired | ment, Miss Mary, I must give him his medicine, then I'll see you home." Miss Fenton declined her offer, as it was

only a short distance to the tavern, and as she turned away she heard the querulous tones of the invalid scolding Kit, who answeted him with cheery tenderness. One of the fishermen joined her as she peared the tavern, showing her his basket of two-pounders. Her thoughts were uplifted, and she half absent-mindedly ad-

mired his booty and sought her room Poor little Kit, ignorant, balf-formed child, had raised Mary Fenton to heights she had not dreamed of. If Richard Drake had been there that night to press his suit. sho could have put herself in the background and been ready to face the world

Daylight often brings us down from our pedestals; so it was with her. She was not quite so sure in the morning. It is easier to be heroic by the glamour of moonlight than in the clear rays of the midday sun. The letter was still unwritten, but the

mountains possessed a new interest to her. Mrs. Pendragon wrote privately to Mrs. Fenton that Mary was gaining color and appetite, and never mentioned the objectionable young man, but turned her attention to a "dirty lot of Oregon campers." Kit ran in for a few moments every day, bringing white Shasta lilies, rare ferns from "away up Sody creek," or burning tiger lilies, regal in brown and gold, and Miss Fenton kept the invalid, who was rap-

idly failing, supplied with dainties. She found out very soon that Bill was commonplace and selfish. He had a rather bandsome, weak face, and Kit was blind to his weaknesses and faults. He grew so much worse that Kit could hardly leave him at last. The weather was warm, and It was growing dusk. The long shadows | she worked all day, and often sat up all fancies. He was not able to walk, the gry came to the tavern, and Mary Fenton went

to her every day. Mrs. Jones fretted to go home. "Bill's as good one place as another," she grumbled: but Kit clung to the belief that there he must get well. As the days passed on, the sick man grew

weaker and weaker and more fretful. Kit eat by him all the time, his hand in hers. There were dark rings widening under her eyes from sleepless nights, and the young cheeks were growing bollow. Mary Fenton saw with a pang that the slender fingers which she ran through the curly crop were growing pitifully thin.

Kit had become very dear to her. She could not bear to see the bright young life merged into this dull sadness, and she feit helplass. Kit would not believe what was shortly coming. Every time that Miss Fenton came with something tempting and the sick man refused it, she would say, with a ghost of the old merry laugh, "You've spoilt him, Miss Mary; nothing's good enough now."

What do you see in that little curlyheaded Oregon girl!" one of the fishermen asked langhingly. "My better self," she answered, and

The gay tavern life went on. Mary Fen-

ten joined in the drives and walks, danced

and moved on with the rest of the summer

The weather was very sultry. The jagged peaks of Castle Crazs stood bare and gray against the deep blue sky. Not a | so I came to you." He held out his hand breeze stirred. Even the river moved to her. "I came on the morning train, singgishly, like oil. July had been ushered in by a north wind, and that aiways means dry, enervating, lifeless heat. The ladies lounged around the tavern

leaf fans and seed lemonades near at hand, and growled vehemently. The fishermen

and growled vehemently. The fishermen wiped the perspiration from their fore-heads, assorted their flies, and each tried to outvie the other in new fish stories.

Mary Fenton sat a little to one side, overcome by the heat, and giving up the idea of seeing Kit that day. Again her book lay idly in her lap, and she sat dreaming.

Coming up the road in the hot, dazzling sun, Kit walked slowly through the dust, her hands classed together and her eyes staring intently down at the ground. She walked so slowly she seemed hardly to move.

"Miss Mary." She spoke in hollow tones, without looking up. "Miss Mary, I've come to tell you. Bill's gone—last night—" Nothing but duil apathy in her face, not a sob to break the silence. She stood full in the heat, a broken, lifeless figure.

Mary Fenton pressed her hand warmly in hers in assurance of help.

"If you wouldn't mind, Miss Mary, couldn't it be where he might see the

couldn't it be where he might see the mountain? You know, I can see it at home, and it would be something for us to have together." "Yes, dear child, I will do anything for Mary Fenton's eyes were brimming over

with tears, as she stood still in the sun-

shine and watched the young figure, bent with grief, disappear slowly among the Mary Fenton started, "I did not think that it would be so soon, dear." She went down the steps, close to the girl, and took her hand. "Come out of the sun. Come." Kit raised her eyes, a depth of sad reproach in them. "Do you think I would leave him now, Miss Mary?" She continned in the same monotonous tone, as Miss Fenton hastened to get her hat to accompany her: "Don't come, Miss Mary. I would rather you would not. I must be alone for

to you-to fix things." "Such devotion, such unselfishness, such bravery, is godlike," she murmured to herself. "She asked for nothing and gave everything-poor child!" Miss Fenton attended to Kit's request, and the day after Bill was laid at rest on a

this little while," she faltered. "Mother

'lows we must get along home day after to-

morrow, and we must leave him. I came

hillside, where the gleam of Shasta could always be seen. The next morning she went to the camp and found Mrs. Jones busily packing up, more cheerful than usual. The tents were down, and Kit was lifting the heavy things with her strong young arms, and tying them into the wagon. She wore the same old blouse and cigarette bat, but all the bhoyancy was gone from her face. She was very quiet as she called Miss Fenton

aside and untied an old stocking. "I want to pay you for-everything." "No, child. I can never repay you, Kit." Kit gazed at her with a look of dazed inquiry; then went on harnessing the old raw-boned horse and hitched him to the "It will be lighter drivin' home," Mrs.

Jones observed, as she tucked the last blanket around the frying pan. Mary Fenton never forgot the look of mute agony that crept into Kit's big soft eyes as she looked at her mother. Then she pulled her hat further down over her face with the same old gesture, as she clambered into the high seat of the wagon and took the reins, while her mother got up beside her. "You will have a long, hot drive," Miss

"Oh, we'll stop with folks over night. and it will be real pleasant," Mrs. Jones answered, tring her sunbonnet strings. Mary Fenton climbed up on the wagon wheel, and kissed Kit warmly, and whispered, "I'll take some Shasta lilies to his grave. I will remember." Then a cracking of the long willow switch that served for a whip, the old horse

Fenton said stupidly.

started up, and they were gone. Mary Fenton watched the bobbing of the short reddish curls amid the clouds of dust until a turn in the road hid them; then she sat down under a pine, covered her face with her hands and cried. She sat there for some time. At last she heard a footstep crackling the dried pine needles and looked up.

"Dick" she exclaimed with a start, and

began, wemanike, smoothing the ruffled

bair on her forehead. "I thought you were never going to write. missed you at the tavers, and was told that you were over in this direction, helping some proteges of yours. Crying! little woman." He caught sight of her tearpiazza in gool white muslin, with palm- I stained face, then taking it between both

his hands, he said tenderly, "Now, Mary, tell me, have you decided?" The answer came very faintly, "Yes, Dick." Then half to herself she repeated Kit's homely words, "If folks have got each other in this world they've got all that's wanted. Oh, Dick," she continued, with the new enthusiasm shining in her

eyes, enthusiasm that she had always voted bad form, "the noblest soul I ever saw has gone from me to-day."

Mary Fenton's life was blessed by Kit's unconscious hand, and poor little Kit. far away on her Oregon land, toiled loyally, looking up at night at Shasta's white peak and praying that she soon might fold her hands, and that she and Bill could be happy together somewhere above the great white

mountain. -Mary Willis Glascock, in the Overland. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The tune "Yankee Doodle" is said to have originated in the French and Indian war, before the Revolution. France is the only European country which has to-day fewer ablebodied men than it had thirty years ago.

three coffins-the first of gold, the second of silver and the third of iron. The ground in an open lot at East Great Plains, Conn., has been struck by lightning nine different times in the past seven

Attilia. King of the Huns, was buried in

In 1885 London had 555,000 houses, with 4,120,000 population. It covered an area of 75,000 acres. There were 1,880 miles Siam's exports last year included no less

than six and a half tons of birds' nests sent to Hong Kong to make the celebrated Chinese soup. Cuba has 192 coffee plantations, 700 sugar plantations, 4,500 tobacco estates, 3,200 cattle farms and 1,700 small farms devoted to

various products. No representation of the face of a man was ever stamped on a coin uptil after the death of Alexander the Great, who was regarded as a divinity.

House of Representatives is made of thirteen ebony rods twined together and held in place by silver bands. The mite meptioned in the Gospel in connection with the widow's contribution to the treasury was a Greek copper coin

The mace used by the Speaker of the

weighing eighteen grains. A noted physician says that the most prolific causes of woman's nervous diseases, hysterics, spinal diseases and sick headaches is high-heeled boots. The first horse railroad was made in

1829. Now every country town has its street-car line, and even Constantinople and Jerusalem have such facilities. The greatest domes in the world are those of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Invalides, in Paris, St. Isaac's, in St. Peters-

burg, and the Capitol, in Washington.

lene, of Seattle, Wash.

cent, reach seventy years; of farmers, 40; merchants, 32; soldiers and clerks, 32; lawyers. 29; teachers, 28; physicians, 24, A copper token, the size of a silver dollar, issued by the anthority of the First Congress, and bearing the date of '1776," is prized very highly by Capt. G. W. Bul-

Kasper says that of clergymen, 42 per

The Delage was threatened in the year 1586, and began on Dec. 7, 1656, B. C., and continued 377 days. The ark rested upon Mount Ararat on May 6, 1637, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 18 following. A watch that was worn by Alexander

Hamilton when the Declaration of In-

dependence was signed, and also dor-

ing the duel with Aaron Burr, is in the possession of Louis M. Habbins, of Madison, W15. According to an election return just made to the British Parliament, there are 6,229,129 voters in the United Kingdom. There were 4,592,482 in England, 270,276 in

Wales, 747,271 in Ireland, and 619,091 in Scotland. In Holland a woman is a secondary consideration-and a poor consideration at that. No Dutch gentleman, when walking on the sidewalk, will move out of his way for a lady. The latter turns out invariably, however muddy or dangerous the

street. We have an idea that the United States is a great place, with its (0,000,000 people, but there are 800,000,000 people in Asia, and more than 200,000,000 in Africa. The sci- | stipfey ther."

entific estimate is that there are 1,450,000,than 500,000,000 wear clothing from neck to

The Grand Lodge of Masons was founded in Providence in 1791, and two years later the Providence Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, was instituted by a few Masons of that de-gree, who obtained a charter from Washington Chapter. Its centennial was cele-brated in Providence on Sunday last.

The distinction of being the only man alive who worked on the first American railway is claimed for Lewis Cheney, of Chelsea, Mass. The railroad was known as the "Granite railway," and was built in 1826 at Quincy, chiefly to transport stone for building Bunker Hill monument. Mr. Cheney is eighty-five years old.

Who save the Englishman is a mournful creature and has no interest in amusements! If so, how does it happen that the theaters and other places of entertainment in London are large enough to provide sittings at one time for all the inhabitants of Edinburgh, 264,000 in number, and even then there would be 20,000 sittings to spare? The fiction of the deadly upas tree of Java has only this basis of fact to rest upon: The tree exudes a poisonous juice that the natives use to mix with other ingredients to coat their arrows; it also grows

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

only in the low-lying Java valley, where

deadly carbonic gas more or less always

escapes from the crevices of the volcanic

rocks.

Had to Economize. Atlanta Constitution. "I see that the editor pitched a man out the window. "Yes, times are so hard and powder is so

The Correct Way.

The Ignoramus-Which is right, "I ride

home in a coup" or "I ride home in a The Impecune-Neither; I ride home in a street car." Two of a Kind.

New York Weekly.

Jinks-Did you ever read "The Man With-Winks-No, but I can sympathize with him. I am "The Man Without Any Relatives in Chicago."

Generous. Saint Botolph "I heard a compliment for you last night, Miriam?"

"What was it, Lizette?" "Colonel Bronson said you were exceedingly well preserved.'

Deserved Some Credit. Street & Smith's Goo! News. Teacher-This little nursery poem is remarkable. Did you make it all up your-Bright Boy-No'm; it was in a book, bus

Accounting for It. Vogue. Willie-You never drink any water, do

I bought the book with my own money.

Featherstone-Not if I can help it, Willie. Willie-I suppose you are afraid it will make your nerve rusty. Sister says it is a cast-iron one.

Wasted Energy. Chicago Becord. Ethel-Emma's awfully put out.

Elaine-What's the matter?

sister to me.

Ethel-Why, she went to the trouble of making a fearful fuss over a little mouse, and come to find out there wasn't a man near to look at her.

He-I do not well see how you can be a

She-And why not, pray? He-Because I can't remember ever having been spanked on your account, and you never told any lies for me.

It Might Have Been Worse,

"Why, Bridget, did mamma have another husband before she married my papa?" "Yis, darlint, but he doted, yer see."

"On, Bridget, I'm so sorry mamma lost her husband!" "Faith, an' ye'd betther be glad, Bessie. If he'd lived he might a made ye soruel